Miserere mei Domine.

A THOUGHT UPON THE LATTER DAY.

Whereunto are annexed,

OF

The time before Christs comming in the flesh;
The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, and her Magnificat;
Our Saviours Incarnation and Birth;
The Relation of it by the Angell to the Shepherds;
The Circumcision of Christ, with the imposition of the name of JESUS.

Five Hymnes.

LONDON,
Printed by ROBERT YOUNG.
1638.

MISERERE MEI DOMINE.

A THOUGHT UPON THE LATTER DAY.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Y.* for *Ph. Nevill* at the Gun in Ivie-Lane. 1638.

The Argument.

The valley of [2] Jehoſhophat
Deſcribed is: the world hath [16] *end*
By ſcorching flames. Chriſt after that
Downe unto [30] *judgement doth deſcend.*

The trumpets ſound [35] *doth raiſe the dead;*
The thrones [44] *are ſet; by Angels bright*
The good from [52] *bad are ſevered:*
The books laid [65] *ope bring all to light.*

Heav'n for the godly is prepar'd,
Hell is unjuſt mens juſt reward.

MISE-

MISERERE MEI DOMINE.

1

A Sleepe or wake, in dreame or trance,
When ſoules be free, and bodies thrall;
I cannot tell, but by ſome chance,
Thus unto me it did befall.
Me thought, (the thought doth me appall:)
But 'gainſt this feare, Lord, ſtrengthen me,
And now for help to thee I call,
Miſerere mei Domine.

2

Me thought, I was (where was I trow?)
In a large place, more long than wide;
And it was deepe and lay full low:
A huge high wall did on this ſide
From a great Citie it divide.
Whoſe buildings faire when I did ſee,
How foule I ſeem'd! then ſtreight I cride,
Miſerere mei Domine.

3

On t'other ſide the farther bound,
Did riſe a mount, or prettie hill,
With Palmes and Olive-trees around,
Beſet by cunning workmans skill.
Their fruitfulneſſe upbraids me ſtill,
I ſhould of good ſo barren be;
For which and all I have done ill,
Miſercre mei Domine.

4

Th'rowout the midſt a ſtreame did run,
Whoſe ſhadie banks, as arbour there,
Did promiſe ſhelter from the Sun,
When he was mounted in his ſphere:
Whoſe waters cleere as Chryſtall were:
Yet could not cleanſe one ſtaine from me;
But I am forc'd to crie for feare,
Miſercre mei Domine.

5

At the South point I ſaw a place,
I never of the like heard tell
On earth beſide; it bare the face
In all reſemblance like to hell,
Where Sprites and Fiends inhabit fell.
Lord, of thy boundleſſe charitie,
That I with them may never dwell,
Miſercre mei Domine.

6

A hollow brazen Idoll ſtood,
Betweene whoſe armes in cruell wiſe,
Was ſhed poore harmeleſſe infants blood,
By wicked ſtrange unheard device.
But grant me better ſacrifice,
Which I may offer, Lord, to thee
With contrite heart and humble cries,
Miſerere mei Domine.

7

Like (ſomewhat) to *Perillus* bull,
Save that in body 'twas a man,
It of a Calfe had head and skull,
Whereon a crowne was placed than:
Under whoſe feet an iron pan,
Much like a furnace I did ſee.
Then I to thinke of thee began,
Miſerere mei Domine.

8

Such flames the fire did upward ſend,
The Idoll therewith red hot grew:
Into the armes of cruell Fiend
The parents then their children threw:
What outcries fierce did thence enſue!
From ſuch embracements keep thou me;
That no ſuch kindneſſe me accrue,
Miſerere mei Domine.

9

What heart could at their cries but earne,
Save ſuch as were with iron ſear'd?
Which they with drums & trumpets ſtern
Did ſeeke to drowne, and voyces rear'd:
Enough to make the Fiends afeard.
Such muſick nothing pleaſeth me;
A thouſand times 'tis better heard,
Miſerere mei Domine.

10

So long I lookt, till I beheld
The Idoll broke downe for the nonce;
The place of a moſt pleaſant field,
A dunghill made of dead mens bones:
What man is he ſuch hap bemones?
But ſhew me, Lord, thy mercie free,
Who crie to thee with piteous grones,
Miſerere mei Domine.

11

I wiſt not all this while, what place
It was, wherein I then did ſtand;
Till looking neerer me a ſpace,
I ſaw ſome ſepulchers at hand,
And graves as thick as ſea-ſhore ſand,
And one did ſeeme prepar'd for me,
Untill my leſſon I had ſcan'd,
Miſerere mei Domine.

12

It ſtrooke ſuch terrour to my heart,
Not fully yet recovered,
I ſhooke and trembled everie part,
To ſee me ſo environed:
I ſeem'd my ſelfe as one halfe-dead;
Till I had made recourſe to thee,
And prayed to be rid from dread,
Miſerere mei Domine.

13

When then my ſp'rits returned were,
I caſt in mind, how that it might
Some Church-yard be, appointed there,
Belonging to that Citie bright:
I gheſſed ſo, and gheſt aright.
I turn'd my thought, and ſaid to thee,
Before I leave this preſent light,
Miſerere mei Domine.

14

To ſtrengthen this conceit of mine,
A famous Temple ſtately built,
Directly over it did ſhine,
With gates and towers richly gilt;
No coſt thereon was counted ſpilt.
It Heav'n it ſelfe did ſeeme to be,
Whither bring me, as I hope, thou wilt,
Miſerere mei Domine.

15

And under it this vale did lye,
Whereof it had the proſpect cleare.
The one was low, the other high,
And did as fort and trench appeare.
I in the trench could not come neare
To ſcale the fort: which grant thou me,
And when I ſhall no more be here,
Miſerere mei Domine.

16

Thus wondring at the things I ſaw,
The objects faire before mine eyes;
Behind me ſtranger things did draw
Mine eye-ſight back; I did ſurmiſe
I ſaw a fearefull ſmoake ariſe.
I turn'd about the cauſe to ſee,
'Twas time, I think, to uſe my cries,
Miſerere mei Domine.

17

My thought was true, but whence it came,
I could not tell: And ſuddenly
It burſt into a hideous flame,
Which over-run all by and by,
And burned fierce in earth and skie.
Lord, be thou gracious unto me,
And when the world in flames ſhall frie,
Miſerere mei Domine.

18

The aire with winds both fierce & ſtrong,
And mightie ſtormes tempeſtuous grew,
Thunder and thunderbolts among;
And everie viſage blackneſſe drew,
For feare of what ſhould then enſue.
But ſave thou, Lord, and ſhelter me;
And when theſe things ſhall thus be true,
Miſerere mei Domine.

The

19

The waves upon an heap did ſtand;
The ſea and floods did monſters ſend
Of thouſand ſhapes upon the land,
Which ſuch diſaſters did portend,
As men were ev'n at their wits end:
Before, ô Lord, this day I ſee,
Grant I my ſinfull life may 'mend,
Miſerere mei Domine.

20

The plagues of Ægypt ten times told,
Compar'd to this were nothing ſo,
Which did exceed a thouſand fold;
More like to Sodomes overthrow,
When *Lot* was forc'd from thence to goe.
As thou didſt him, deliver me;
And when theſe dayes ſhall come of woe,
Miſerere mei Domine.

21

The heav'n & earth were from their henge
Diſ-joynted quite out of their frame;
Now that of ſinners him to venge,
The Lord in his great furie came:
That neither did appeare the ſame.
But put thy vengeance far from me;
And guiltie though I be of blame,
Miſerere mei Domine.

22

Ev'n as a clock, or hor'loge like,
Which elſe doth keep his poyſes juſt,
When th'howre is come for him to ſtrike,
Makes ſuch a noyſe, (and needs he muſt)
As he from all his weights were thruſt.
Lord in that howre that I ſhall be
Diſſolv'd, and turned into duſt,
Miſerere mei Domine.

23

So now this world's laſt minute come,
That his huge fabrick needs muſt break,
Such hideous noyſe did come him from,
Thunder did to it ſeeme a creake.
Lord, when I ſhall be ſick and weake,
Viſit thou mine extremitie,
And when I ſhall nor know, nor ſpeake,
Miſerere mei Domine.

24

The pow'rs of heav'n were ſhaken all,
The Moone waxt red, as red as blood,
The ſtars from out their ſpheres did fall;
The Sun himſelfe in dolefull mood
All out of order dark'ned ſtood.
When outward light I cannot ſee,
The inward fend which is more good;
Miſerere mei Domine.

25

The lights of heav'n were quencht and out;
What light had they below here then?
Such light they had, (bett'r been without)
A bright light fire did all things bren,
Both works of nature and of men.
When this great diſmall day ſhall be,
Which tongue cannot expreſſe nor pen,
Miſerere mei Domine.

26

Kings houſes and their treaſuries,
With gold and ſilver richly fraught,
In cinders now and aſhes lies,
Conſum'd by fire. There was not ought,
But by the flame was brought to nought.
In thee then let my treaſure be,
And better leſſon me be taught,
Miſerere mei Domine.

27

Townes, Cities, Forts, and Citadels;
Seeke ſtronger holds, the fire ſoone bids.
Coloſſes great, and all things els,
Huge Obelisks and Pyramids,
The rage of this fierce flame ſtrait rids.
But that I, like the children three,
May be preſerv'd the fire amids,
Miſerere mei Domine.

28

Nor herb, nor graſſe, nor branch was left,
Nor orchard, garden, land, nor field;
All was of everie thing bereft;
Nor fruit, nor tree that fruit might yeild:
No ſpeare for Souldier fierce to wield.
This onely did remaine from thee,
For me to uſe as ſpeare and ſhield,
Miſerere mei Domine.

29

Bird, beaſt, or cattell there was none,
No one thing that might ſerve for meat:
High time it was the world was done:
All were diſſolved by this heat,
Into their elements, 'twas ſo great.
How then could I have ſcaped free;
But that to thee I made retreat,
Miſerere mei Domine.

30

The world thus emptie quite and bare
Of her inhabitants did remaine:
Meanewhile another object rare
Mine eyes and thoughts did entertaine.
Before I ſee ſuch ſight againe,
As then me ſeem'd; Lord, firſt to me
To come in ſp'rit doe not refraine,
Miſerere mei Domine.

I ſaw

31

I ſaw one comming in the skie,
A man he ſeem'd, and ſo he was,
Clothed in robe of Majeſtie,
Which did the ſnow for whiteneſſe paſſe:
His feet were like to burning braſſe.
So terrible he ſeem'd to me,
That downe I fell, and cri'd, Alas,
Miſerere mei Domine.

32

His count'nance brighter than the Sun,
Dazling my weak and feeble eyne,
When he his Summer courſe doth run,
In greater force and ſtrength did ſhine.
When thou thy Saintsſhalt purge & fine
Of all their droſſe, then think on me,
To make my body like as thine,
Miſerere mei Domine.

33

Before him there an Angell bore
A bloudie Croſſe in Azure field;
Diſgracefull once, but now none more
Renowned Enſigne borne on ſhield:
Grant I may never weapon wield,
But ſuch as thou ſhalt give to me,
And will, I hope, the conqueſt yeild,
Miſerere mei Domine.

34

Upon his head a Crowne did ſit,
Reſembling thornes, but 'twas of gold;
Like ſcepter in his hand, as fit,
A Souldiers ſpeare. More might be told,
But I no longer could behold.
Make me hereafter thee to ſee,
And when I leave this earthen mold,
Miſerere mei Domine.

35

My ſight was dimm'd, my hearing drown'd,
To heare a voyce ſound in mine eare,
Which all my ſenſes did confound,
And made my heart-ſtrings burſt for feare.
I pray'd and ſhed forth many a teare.
When that doth come in truth to be,
Which I did then conceive to heare,
Miſerere mei Domine.

36

The voyce whether more loud or ſhrill,
I cannot tell for certaintie:
I heard it th'row the aire to thrill,
As if it would have rent the skie.
I fell downe flat, and preſently
I cri'd, a ſtiller voice to me
Send, Lord, of mertie, ere I die,
Miſerere mei Domine.

37

As when the Judges of Aſſiſe
Their circuit ride, when neere they come,
Where they in moſt unpartiall wiſe,
Offenders meane to judge and doome,
A trumpet doth proclaime their roome.
Shew kindneſſe then, ô Lord, to me;
And when thou ſpare nor Knight nor Groome,
Miſerere mei Domine.

38

Such noyſe, me thought, I then did heare,
But lowder far than was the thunder,
An Angell ſeem'd with trumpet cleare,
Then to proclaime the worlds great wonder,
His comming who keeps Devils under.
Then lift I up my heart to thee;
When thou the ſheepe and goats do'ſt ſunder,
Miſerere mei Domine.

39

When God at first did give the Law
On Sinai-mount to Israel;
The people then such thundrings saw,
That did their hearts subdue and quell;
Thunder and lightning, trumpet fell,
And mountaine smoaking: All to me
Such lesson seem'd to teach full well,
Miserere mei Domine.

40

In manner as it first was given,
The Law was then required so;
Thundrings & lightnings seen from heav'n,
And smoake; and trump heard loud to blow,
To render sinners shame and woe.
Then cri'd I, Lord, and said to thee,
Sin and transgression keep me fro,
Miserere mei Domine.

41

The sound did many sounds beget,
The vale with eccho's did rebound;
As if ten thousand voyces met,
It made the aire throwout resound,
And pierc'd the cavernes under ground.
O may I, when these things shall be,
Pure in thy sight, and cleane be found,
Miserere mei Domine.

42

The tombs flew ope that instant then,
The graves delivered up their dead;
And carkasses waxt living men,
Whilst bodies joyned to their head,
Drie bones with flesh were covered.
From grave of sin first raise thou me,
And when I lye in deaths dust bed,
Miserere mei Domine.

Great

43

Great multitudes there ſuddenly,
Ere I was 'ware, about me ſtood;
A ſtrangely mixed company,
Of whom ſome bad, and ſome were good;
Some joy'd, ſome rav'd as they were wood.
But grant me, Lord, thy mercie free
That I may crie in better mood,
Miſerere mei Domine.

44

By this the Judge was now deſcended,
With troopes of Saints and Angels bleſt,
Thouſands of thouſands him attended,
To doe him their obſervance beſt.
When I am dead and laid to reſt,
Then thinke, I pray thee, Lord, of me,
And grant to me this one requeſt,
Miſerere mei Domine.

45

Downe being come, there then was ſet
Over the mount a ſumptuous throne,
More coſtly than of ſmootheſt jet,
Of gold, of pearle, or pretious ſtone;
Which far away moſt glorious ſhone.
Lord, when thou in thy Majeſtie
Shalt come, then liſten to my mone,
Miſerere mei Domine.

46

At his right hand a little by
There ſate a mother maiden Queene,
In faireſt ſeat of Ivorie,
And ſhe far fairer to be ſeene,
In golden veſture bright and ſheene.
Thy righteouſneſſe impart to me,
Which is Saints clothing white & cleane, *Rev.* 19.8.
Miſerere mei Domine.

Twelve

47

Twelve other thrones in order ſit,
Prepared there I did eſpy;
Where ſo many Elders grave did ſit:
But one was voyd, and I askt why?
'Twas ſaid, for foule conſpiracie.
Lord, grant I never traytour be:
For other faults before I dye,
Miſerere mei Domine.

48

But for that one that emptie ſeem'd,
In roome and ſtead thereof, addreſt,
With double recompence I deem'd
Two others, like unto the reſt,
By Ancients twaine, as they, poſſeſt.
The meaneſt place, Lord, grant to me,
It ſhall ſuffice, among the bleſt,
Miſerere mei Domine.

49

Thrones there beſide were many plac'd,
Where Patriarks ſate and Prophets old,
Victorious Martyrs, Virgins chaſte,
And others more than could be told,
That were in booke of life enrol'd.
And one, I hope, prepar'd for me:
Wherefore in mercie me behold,
Miſerere mei Domine.

50

And now of thoſe extinguiſht lights,
Which erſt while ſhone in higher ſphere,
No miſſe was had; to all mens ſights
New firmament did brighter there,
New Sun, new Moone, new Stars appeare,
Shine, Sun of righteouſneſſe, on me,
By glorie there, by grace-light here,
Miſerere mei Domine.

Seats

51

Seats, many else there were prepar'd,
To be possest by them alone,
Who meet were thought for such reward,
For all the blessed Saints each one;
To sit above in heav'nly throne.
'Mongst whom one seat I beg of thee,
That I may sit with them anon,
Miserere mei Domine.

52

Meanewhile to their employment great,
The Angels did themselves betake,
'Twixt sheepe & goats, 'twixt tares and wheate
(As them their Lord before bespake)
A separation just to make.
Amongst the sheep, Lord, number me,
And save me for thy mercie sake,
Miserere mei Domine.

53

The just then straightwayes as the spark
From flame sent up, aloft did flie;
Or as the Eagle, or the Lark,
Or as the Angels, mounted high,
To meet their Saviour in the skie.
When this shall be, Lord, let not me
Be left behind; but when I crie,
Miserere mei Domine.

54

Where they their place at his right hand
Did take, appointed them before:
Whilst wicked men below did stand
To the left side, which made them sore
Lament their case, and loudly roare,
weep and waile: But thou for me,
And st better things, I hope, in store,
Ha *Miserere mei Domine.*

Here

55

Here might I ſee amidſt the throng
Great Princes, Kings, and Emperours
Without reſpect the rout among,
Their Favourites and Ambaſſadours,
Conſuls, Prætextates, Senatours.
But that my place may ever be
Amongſt thy heavenly Courteours,
Miſerere mei Domine.

56

Their Scepters, Crownes, and Diadems,
Their Benches, Seats, & Thrones of ſtate,
Their robes, their rich and coſtly gems,
Their honours priz'd at too high rate,
All ſubject to one common fate,
Were fled and gone. Grant that to me,
Which ſhall endure beyond all date,
Miſerere mei Domine.

57

Judges, that erſt were wont to ſit,
Now ſtood; and they that ſentence gave
Againſt delinquents, now were quit,
Expecting like themſelves to have,
And nothing could that judgment wave.
I am no Judge, yet juſt would be:
Though for that I have nothing, ſave
Miſerere mei Domine.

58

One there amongſt the reſt I ſpi'd,
His caſe was not, as it was, whan
He judg'd his Judge: So cloſe he hid,
I could not ſay, Behold the man:
He wrung his hands, that waſht them than,
The ſight of him diſmayed me;
But I will on as I began,
Miſerere mei Domine.

59

Not far I ſaw a luckleſſe crue
Of wretched miſcreant Traytors bold;
Who ſome their Maſters out-right ſlue,
And ſome them to their deaths had ſold,
With plots contriv'd a thouſand-fold.
Of their bad counſels let not me
Partake, but ſtill as ev'r of old,
Miſerere mei Domine.

60

A caitife wretch was firſt ywis,
His neck ſtood tite, as 't had been broke:
Sweet ſlov'nly mouth he had to kiſſe;
But neck far fitter for the yoke:
A halter 'twas that did him choke.
'Twas he betray'd thee, Lord; yet he
Had pardon'd been, had he but ſpoke,
Miſerere mei Domine.

61

Next to theſe Traytors ſuting beſt,
A rout of cruell murd'rers ſtood,
Who inhumanely moſt unbleſt,
Unkindly and unnat'rall brood,
Embrew'd their wicked hands in blood.
From ſins as theſe ſtill keep me free,
And though I be not perfect good,
Miſerere mei Domine.

62

'Mongſt theſe the firſt was one, that had
His righteous brother ſlaine: and why?
Th'ones offering good, and his was bad.
A mark he had to know him by,
He ſhooke and trembled fearefully.
When offered 'twas, yet had not he
The grace, which I now beg, to crie,
Miſerere mei Domine.

To

63

To think what numbers there were then,
Of lyars, theeves, adulterers,
Proud, covetous, envious, angrie men,
Gluttons, and drunkards, idellers,
Turks, Pagans, and Idolaters,
And thouſands mo: It makes me flee,
To pray 'mongſt thy true worſhippers,
Miſerere mei Domine.

64

And Chriſtians too, (too great a ſtore)
Of Hereticks and Hypocrites,
And ſecret Atheiſts many more,
Vow-breaking Monks and Anchorites,
And Judaizing Hermaphrodites.
When theſe appeare for all to ſee,
(Which their deſerving well requites)
Miſerere mei Domine.

65

The Judge began now to proceed,
The books were ope, the rolls were ſpred,
And everie word and evill deed,
And everie thought examined,
According to the things there read.
Grant me in mine account to thee,
That I may, Lord, be better ſped;
Miſerere mei Domine.

66

The ſummons made, there firſt came in
An ugly creature, monſtrous, vile;
Of no one ſhape, made up of ſin,
Who *Proteus*-like with cunning wile,
Did at his pleaſure all beguile.
But that he doe not cozen me,
And wickedly my ſoule defile,
Miſerere mei Domine.

67

Sometime a Serpent, Dragon fell;
Sometime he ſeem'd a Lyon ſtout;
Sometime an Angell, but from hell;
And ſometime lightning, quickly out:
Such thouſand ſhapes he bore about.
But thine owne image grant to me,
That I may never be without,
Miſerere mei Domine.

68

His ſhape was now a ſhapeleſſe fiend,
Ready with his rude griping pawes,
All that he met to teare and rend,
And to devoure with open jawes:
Who never feared God, ne lawes.
But that I not in danger be,
Of his ſharp, cruell, renting clawes,
Miſerere mei Domine.

69

An Angell led him in a chaine
Of maſſie, huge and pond'rous weight:
And after him an ugly traine
Of beaſtly ſprites that follow'd ſtreight;
Monſtrous they were in length and height.
Let not their fiereeneſſe trouble me,
But thou for all their devilliſh ſleight,
Miſerere mei Domine.

70

Preſented there before the Throne,
In ſight of Heavens high Majeſtie;
They were arraigned one by one,
Of no lighter conſpiracie,
Than treaſon 'gainſt their Soveraigne high.
But let me falſe, Lord, never be
To King or thee; but graciouſly
Miſerere mei Domine.

Th'en-

71

Th'enditement read was streight confest,
(Too plaine it was to be deni'd)
But yet there was one small request,
They said they had before they di'd:
Strange thing for such as God defi'd!
When Devils dare thus beg of thee,
How may I hope, when I have cri'd,
Miserere mei Domine.

72

Respite they did desire so long,
As they him doe some service might.
There was, they said, there in the throng,
Whom they desir'd to bring to light;
One, as themselves, as wicked wight.
But, Lord, from such deliver me,
Who 'scuse themselves by railing spight,
Miserere mei Domine.

73

Respite they cri'd, and 'twas for spight,
'Twas not for love to justice lore,
Nor God, nor goodnesse, nor good right,
But for the hate they mankind bore,
Whom they perverted had before.
But their false words shall not hurt me,
If I doe crie, and nere give ore,
Miserere mei Domine.

74

Their boone with vantage granted was,
Both to accuse and to torment,
Such as in judgement could not passe,
Nor be of crime found innocent.
And to their busines streight they went.
And this boone grant thou, Lord, to me,
That they have not their mischiefes bent.
Miserere mei Domine.

75

Then to't they went with fierce assaile,
To gaine the fort already won;
Striving with might and maine availe,
To get the field, the battell done;
Accuse or not, in point all's one:
Th'accused could not light worse be;
Such desp'rate case that I may shun,
Miserere mei Domine.

76

'Tis not sufficient to accuse:
If 'twere, who then could guiltles prove?
Their mind is greater to abuse,
Whom they from goodnes cannot move,
Who God doe constant feare and love.
That they no malice have to me,
My heart on this let fix above,
Miserere mei Domine.

77

Then all was just as nothing done,
The matter had such exigence
It was come round, where it begun.
Unto the books was reference,
As to the surest evidence;
Lord, since my triall there shall be,
Let me find thy munificence,
Miserere mei Domine.

78

Nought there was hidden, nought conceal'd
From his all-piercing, searching eye;
But all and ev'rie thing reveal'd,
And manifested openly:
(The good, the bad he doth espie.)
Grant me therefore my conscience free,
And when thou comm'st my heart to trie,
Miserere mei Domine.

The

79

The Saints their good deeds there had ſhowne;
Their almes, which not their left hand knew;
Their faſts, their pray'rs, all were made knowne,
Unto the common, publike view.
O let me ſtill my beſt deeds rue,
That I may not their trumpet be,
But ſtill for mercie to thee ſue,
Miſerere mei Domine.

80

Th'ungodly all they had done nought,
Their wicked, ſtrange hypocriſies;
All unto light was then forth brought,
Their fained friendſhip, and their lies,
With thouſand devilliſh ſubtilties.
Lord, let my ſins be knowne to me,
But not in judgement 'gainſt me riſe.
Miſerere mei Domine.

81

It was no boot then to refuſe,
To plead delay, or make defence,
There could not be for to accuſe.
A fairer, ſtronger evidence,
Then of their owne bad conſcience.
But I will take this for my plea,
Before that I doe goe from hence,
Miſerere mei Domine.

82

Their conſcience, which as copie tane
From Gods owne book, his hand and deed
Was its true perfect counterpane,
So plaine, one might it running read.
O that my booke with thine agreed!
To keep true ſcore, that I might free
Lament my ſins, and crie at need,
Miſerere mei Domine.

83

Such accusation then was laid,
Such witnes their own conscience gave;
As that they nought at all gaine-said,
Yet could they not for mercie crave;
The time was past, the time to save.
O let it not be so with me;
A Psalme of mercie let me have,
Miserere mei Domine.

84

What now remain'd, but things appearing
As then they did, so cleare and plaine;
What needed there a farther hearing?
When pris'ners do themselves arraigne,
How can the Judge his doome refraine?
And yet thou wilt. So mought it be,
And when I judge my selfe to paine,
Miserere mei Domine.

85

No more adoe, to sentence then
The Judge prepar'd, and hi'd him fast.
But joying more in saving men,
Than punishing for what is past,
Absolv'd at first, condemn'd at last.
That I before too late it be,
Me on thy saving mercie cast,
Miserere mei Domine.

86

First looking his right hand toward,
He cheerefully them there bespake;
Receive, for you long since prepar'd,
Heavens Kingdome for my Fathers sake:
Come and possession streightway take.
What hope of this have I (aye me!)
But hereof my best friend to make,
Miserere mei Domine.

87

Then instantly as earnest giv'n,
They each receiv'd upon their head,
A crowne provided them from Heav'n,
By Gods appointment garnished,
And now by Angels ministred.
A glorious sight it was to see,
It made me most forget my read,
Miserere mei Domine.

88

Beside which crownes were to be seene,
On Preachers, Martyrs, Virgins chaste,
Of Olive, Palme, and Lawrell greene,
Garlands bestowed, wreathed fast,
Which were for ev'r and aye to last.
O when wilt thou bestow on me
Such things? I hope there's no time past,
Miserere mei Domine.

89

Then streight they tooke with one accord,
Both crownes & garlands, as was meet;
And to doe honour to their Lord,
Themselves and them cast at his feet:
They sung withall (ô heav'nly sweet!)
Such singing sutes not well with me,
Who crie with griefe and great regreet,
Miserere mei Domine.

90

Their song, thanks, praise, and glorie were,
Unto the Lamb upon the Throne:
Who by his bloud from everie where,
Had them redeem'd from griefe and mone,
And made them Kings and Priests each one,
To reigne with him in jollitie;
Whilst I must sing another tone,
Miserere mei Domine.

91

This done, th'assum'd their crownes agen,
And by the Angels minist'rie,
Forthwith unto their seats were then
Brought, in a read'nesse plac'd there by,
To joyne in judgement speedily,
'Gainst wicked men. And why not me?
But that I have a remedie,
Miserere mei Domine.

92

Then turning to his left about,
The Judge to them began to say;
Depart from me, yee cursed rout,
Into that fire which burneth aye,
Where Devils and Sp'rits torment you may.
But speake thou wilt not so to me,
Whilst I crie still, Alas a day,
Miserere mei Domine.

93

What hideous outcries then were made,
What howling, shrieking, feartull noyse,
When they condemn'd to hellish shade,
Lost all their hope of heav'nly joyes,
So vainly chang'd for earthly toyes?
O let them never work with me,
So pow'rfull, as to counterpoyse
Miserere mei Domine.

94

But all in vaine they wept and wail'd,
It was no boot now to lament,
The time was past, that might avail'd,
If they had tane it to repent,
And of their follies to relent.
More early sorrowes grant thou me,
That I may crie, ere time be spent,
Miserere mei Domine.

95

The ſentence thus pronounc'd, it was
To execution ſtreightwayes put.
The earth grew wide, and gap't, like as
Into two parts it had beene cut,
And ſtreight her mouth upon them ſhut.
Lord, be thou mercifull to me,
For I have nought againſt this, but
Miſerere mei Domine.

96

The fire, the ſmoake, the ſtench of pitch,
And ſulphur ſtrong, which iſſu'd thence,
The whilſt lay ope that burning ditch,
Hath wrought in me ſo feeling ſenſe
Of thy fierce wrath, I ne're from hence,
Though I a wretched ſinner be,
Will ſtint my prayer to commence,
Miſerere mei Domine.

97

Meanwhile the Judge from his high throne,
Tribunall ſeat of majeſtie,
Was riſen, and to Heaven gone,
With his triumphant company
Of Saints and Angels glorioufly.
And I, I hope, ſhall after thee,
Though I be forc'd awhile to cry,
Miſerere mei Domine.

98

Heav'n gates to them did open ſtand,
As they in ſolemne order pac'd;
Where he at his Fathers right hand,
And they at his their ſeats had plac'd:
Poore mortall men were ne're ſo grac'd.
Such grace when wilt thou ſhew to me?
Till I ſuch favour have embrac'd,
Miſerere mei Domine.

99

Their heavenly procession,
With musick streines beyond compare,
And all the ceremonies done
Thereto belonging, strange and rare;
Heav'n gates are shut, & there they are.
But I am here, and like to be,
Till Allelujah make me spare,
Miserere mei Domine.

100

My dreame, (or what I may it call)
Was done, and all was but a thought;
My soule return'd againe to thrall,
To bondage of a carkasse brought.
Though fancies be but things of nought,
This would not so accounted be:
But had in mind, as still it ought,
Miserere mei Domine.

Of

1

THE TIME BE-
fore CHRIST'S com-
ming in the Flesh.

2

The Annunciation of the
Blessed Virgin, and her
Magnificat.

3

Our Saviours Incarnation,
and Birth.

4

The Relation of it by the
Angell to the Shepherds.

5

The Circumcision of CHRIST,
with the imposition of the
name of *JESUS.*

Five Hymnes.

Printed at London, by *R. Y.*
MDCXXXVIII.

Of THE TIME Before CHRISTS coming in the Flesh.

Hymne I.

1

O Blessed, glorious Trinitie,
The Father, Son, and Sp'rit divine,
Of persons three sweet harmonie,
One God in sacred threefold twine:

2

Thou of thy bountie liberall,
Thy goodnesse to communicate,
Didst heav'n and earth, the sea and all,
That therein is, at first create.

3

But chiefly man above the rest,
With speciall grace thou hast endu'd;
And of thy creatures mad'st him best,
After thine owne similitude.

4

In ſtrength, wit, grace illumining,
'Gainſt weakneſſe, ſin, and ignorance,
Thou mad'ſt him Angell, Saint and King;
So highly thou didſt him advance.

5

A garden thou hadſt made before,
Garden of pleaſure and delight:
Where thou didſt put him, 'midſt all ſtore
Of things to pleaſe eare, taſte, and ſight.

6

All things thou didſt him there afford,
One tree excepted, that amid
The reſt did grow, which thine owne word
To taſt or touch did him forbid.

7

Man, thankleſſe man, by Serpents ſlight
His Makers Law did ſoone tranſgreſſe;
But God, who all things by his might
Can doe, cannot be mercileſſe.

8

God had for ſin death's doome decreed,
Death and damnation, hell and all;
But promiſe of the bleſſed ſeed
Doth man to hope of life recall.

Which

9

Which hope of lifes recoverie,
Did all the holy Saints sustaine,
Till Christ appearing from on high,
Did what was lost in flesh regaine.

10

Five ages of the world were spent,
From *Abel* just to holy *John*,
When Christ to free us that were shent,
From Heaven came to us anon.

11

Come blessed Saviour, once againe,
Thou that in person cam'st before,
Come eftsoones by thy Spirit, to raigne
In our poore hearts for evermore.

Of

10

Of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, and her *Magnificat*.

Hymne II.

1

CReatour Lord of earth and Heaven,
That do'st fraile mans decayes renew,
Who of our sins hast us bereaven,
And punishment unto them due;
To thee all praise and thanks be given,
Th'rowout all ages to ensue.

2

Out of thy loves abundance great,
Which thou to wretched man hast borne,
Thou wouldest from thy heav'nly seat
Come down to help poore soules forlorne:
To help us still, we thee entreat,
O gratious Lord, take thou no scorne.

3

When we to thee were enemies,
And death had fully on us seaz'd,
Making of us his spoyle and prize,
To rescue us thou then wert pleas'd:
'Gainst all our sins enormities,
Thy Fathers wrath thou hast appeas'd.

When

4

When thou upon our miſerie,
From thy ſupernall Throne above,
Diddeſt vouchſafe to caſt an eye,
It did in thee compaſſion move:
Thy bowels yearned ſpeedily,
To make expreſſion of thy love.

5

And when the threed of time was ſpun,
Thereto appointed long before,
Thou like unto the morning Sun,
(As Prophets had foretold of yore,)
Thy heavenly race on earth didſt run,
And now do'ſt raigne for evermore.

6

Both God and man thou didſt appeare,
In garment clad of mans weake nature;
God, verie God, the Fathers Peere,
Man, verie man, in ſervile feature;
By birth from heav'n Gods Son moſt deere,
By birth on earth a humane creature.

7

Humilitie, like never ſeene!
The Son of God ſo borne ſhould be,
Of neither Empreſſe, nor of Queene,
But of poore Maid of low degree!
Poore Maid eſpous'd to one as meane,
A Carpenter, as poore as ſhee.

8

Yet Maid she was, true *Vestall* chaste,
Who blew the coale on sacred hearth,
Th'row ages she to come and past,
Hath not her like in heav'n nor earth;
Virgin at *first*, virgin at *last*,
Before, and *in*, and *after* birth.

9

She kindly was from highest place,
By mouth of winged *Gabriel*,
Saluted, *Haile, o full of grace,*
Marie, the Lord doth greet thee well.
His errand was, what heavenly race
Should from her spring, her newes to tell.

10

Great Messenger and message both,
Embassadour in light arraid;
A contract he of marriage doth
Treat 'twixt his Lord and this poore Maid:
She gives consent, and plights her troth,
Be it to me, as thou hast said.

11

Twice thus espous'd, to *Joseph* here
On earth, above to heavens King,
With doubled joyes let us draw neere,
And heare her selfe her *Bridall* sing:
Whereto let the Celestiall Queere
Joyne to her voyce and heavenly string.

Magnificat.

1

My ſoule, my heart,
And ev'rie part,
Unto my Lord doth praiſes powre;
My fleſh, my ſpright,
Hath leapt outright,
For joy in God my Saviour.

2

With all reſpect
He did reflect
Upon his Hand maids lowlineſſe;
And nations all
Me henceforth ſhall
From age to age for ever bleſſe.

3

The Lord of might,
In all mens ſight,
Hath done me many a marv'llous thing;
Unto his name,
I for the ſame,
Will Holy, Holy, Holy ſing.

4

Thoſe that him feare,
And low them beare,
He mercie ſhewes and ever ſhall:
His arme is ſtrong,
'Gainſt proud mens wrong
Their wicked plots to ſcatter all.

5

The mightie ones
From their high thrones
He hath put down, and made them grooms:
The humble he
Of low degree
Exalted hath, to take their roomes,

6

He doth and will
The hungrie fill
With all things that their need requires.
The rich and ſuch,
As have had much,
He fruſtrates all of their deſires,

7

He Iſrael
Hath holpen well,
Of his abounding mercies ſtore:
To *Abr'ham*, as
His promiſe was,
And to his ſeed for evermore.

Of the Incarnation and Birth of Christ.

Hymne III.

1

WHat call we that relation
Betwixt two parties, one and th'other,
Where one begotten lawfull son
Cals him his father, her his mother?
What call we them? I no'ther see,
But Spouse and Husband they must be.

2

Ev'n such is *Marie*, Virgin blest,
Her Son is Gods, Gods Son is hers:
What is she then, make up the rest,
Who in her womb Gods Son thus beares?
What can she be but Gods Belov'd,
His Deare, his Spouse, by him approv'd.

3

Referred thus unto them both
To Son and Father severall,
By Father, yet no breach of troth,
She mother was not made at all,
But by the Sp'rit: Such riddles told
There's nothing can but faith unfold.

By Holy Ghoſt enlightened
With grace before; (and grace is light:)
She's now by Him ore-ſhadowed,
(Shadow to us as dark as night.)
Such myſteries be miſts, and wee
May grope in them, but cannot ſee.

5

Ore-ſhadow'd by the Holy Ghoſt,
She doth within her him conceive,
Who came to ſave that which was loſt,
In whom all people ſhould beleeve;
The womans bleſſed promis'd ſeed,
Which Serpents head ſhould make to bleed.

6

The Fathers hope, and childrens joy,
The Son of God, Lifes fountaine-ſpring,
Deſire of Angels, Fiends annoy,
The worlds Creator, Heavens King,
Earths Ranſomer, Hels Conquerour,
Jeſu, our Lord and Saviour.

7

She him conceiv'd within her womb,
Where He alive for nine mon'ths ſpace,
Lay buried in that living tomb,
Shut up from ſight of all mens face:
His limbs, as other childrens, made
In that cloſe priſons darkeſt ſhade.

What

8

What wonderfull ſtrange thing is this?
He whom the Heav'ns cannot containe,
In ſo ſcant roome contented is,
His greatneſſe thus for to reſtraine:
And he that all the world did make,
Doth from a ſpan beginning take.

9

To what, ô Lord, didſt thou deſcend,
That we in thought ſhould not aſpire?
Nor did thy lowlineſſe here end,
Thou wilt be low't, ere thou be higher.
That little roome, thou hadſt before
Thou wanteddſt too, when thou waſt bore.

10

Children would cradles at their birth
Provided have, houſe-roome at leaſt:
Thou, who art Lord of heav'n and earth,
As if thou hadſt been but a beaſt,
In ſtall waſt borne, 'twixt Oxe and Aſſe,
Where cradle cratch, ſtraw pillow was.

11

What ailes yee, ô yee curſed Jewes?
What blindneſſe doth your ſoules poſſeſſe?
Yee trav'lling gueſts, if Hoſt refuſe,
Why yet are yee ſo pitileſſe,
Not to afford your roome and place,
To helpleſſe ſoules in ſuch a caſe?

But

12

But guests and hoſt are both alike,
They know their caſe, but let it paſſe:
No pitie their hard hearts doth ſtrike,
Careleſſe they are of what he was,
Careleſſe and groſſely ignorant
Of mother both and her infant.

13

Had they him well but halfly knowne,
King *Davids* heire for to have beene,
They would have given him his owne,
The Towne and Kingdome both, I weene,
And paid their tax to Him, as due
To none but Him, their Leige-Lord true.

14

But had they knowne Him, as they ſhould,
Not *Davids* heire, but Heire of Heav'n,
A better tribute ſure they would,
Than gold or ſilver Him have given;
Their ſoules, their hearts, their mind and ſpirit,
Beſt Kingdome for him to inherit.

15

But why, Lord, didſt thou ſuffer this,
Thy ſelfe ſuch out-caſt made to be,
As if thou couldſt no otherwiſe?
But 'twas not lack of pow'r in thee:
Thy pow'r was greater than it ſeem'd,
Or could by tender limbs be deem'd.

Thou

16

Thou diddeſt it becauſe thou wouldeſt,
It was thy will did rule thy pow'r:
'Twas no neceſſitie thou ſhouldeſt
Be ſo baſe borne: Thy lives firſt houre
Gives us example, what to do,
Be like thee poore, and humble too.

17

What ſhame is it, ô Lord, for us
To brag and boaſt of pedigree,
When thou, the ſonne of God, didſt thus
Thy off-ſpring hide, that none did ſee?
When ſervants ride and Lords goe by,
'Tis time to cry out, ſhame, fie, fie.

18

Yet ſo it is, we buildings reare,
And roomes contrive for this and that;
Some for our buſineſſe here and there,
Some for delight to talk and chat:
And ſtill we think our ſelves behind,
If all things ſute not to our mind.

19

No place here, nor ſtately hold,
But ſtall, not fit for man but beaſt,
No hangings here nor cloth of gold,
But Spiders webs, like to the reſt;
No feather-beds, but ſtraw, and hay;
Learne hence and be aſham'd, I ſay.

20

Learne one thing more: 'Tis not the place,
But ſin, that God diſlikes, nought els;
The poore in ſp'rit are rich in grace;
No place is bad, where goodneſſe dwels:
Which makes the dunghill, where *Job* lies,
Moſt acceptable in his eyes.

21

Learne to be thankfull to him too,
Who this hath done all for our ſake;
Who what none els could for us doe,
Himſelfe alone did undertake;
That he might expiate thus our pride,
And all our ſins what ere beſide.

22

O ſacred, ſweeteſt Infancie,
Though thus by mortall men deſpis'd!
O glorious, richeſt povertie,
Though ſtrangely to the world diſguis'd!
O that we children ſo could bee,
And poorer than the poor'ſt we ſee.

23

To both he hath the promiſe given,
To children ſmall, and poore in ſpirit:
Theirs is the Kingdome, crowne of heaven,
For everlaſting to inherit:
O make us children, make us poore,
That bleſt we may be evermore.

Of the Relation of the birth of Chriſt by the Angell to the Shepherds.

Hymne IV.

1

IN depth of winter, and in dead of night,
(Cold, comfortleſſe, ſad, melancholly tide)
When Sun, eſtranged fartheſt out of ſight,
Yeilding nor light, nor heat, his face did hide;
(Time like to place;) then was our Saviour borne
Of heav'n and earth forſaken and forlorne.

2

Yet not of heav'n forſaken, though of earth;
'Twas not of him the Sun aſhamed was;
'Twas mans unkindneſſe at his Makers birth,
That of the Son of God ſo light did paſſe:
As afterward he was in ſtranger faſhion,
When noone was turn'd to mid-night at his paſſion.

3

The Sun was fartheſt abſent then indeed,
When this ſpirituall Sun did firſt ariſe:
Oft have I heard, and it for truth areed,
Ne're yet appear'd two Suns unto our eyes:
The Sun of purpoſe him retir'd a ſpace,
Knowing a greater now was come in place.

4

The Sunne now hides farre underneath the ground,
But Angels do from heav'n on him deſcend:
In heavie ſleepe both man and beaſt lye drown'd,
Yet Shepherds ſome by night their flock attend.
Shepherds, poore ſhepherds, wakefull, painfull true;
They have no cauſe their waking paines to rue.

5

Whiles they their tender lambs doe ſuccour yield,
Which newly fallen were now from the dam,
Tidings to them is brought in open field,
That there hard-by was fall'n a tender Lamb;
True Lamb of God, that thence ſhould take away
The worlds foule ſins, and their great ranſome pay.

6

A Meſſenger from heav'n (with glory bright,
Brighter than is the Sunne in brighteſt ray,
Surrounding them in this dead time of night,
Shining a hundred fold more light than day;)
Comes on them; which doth ſhepherds ſore appall,
Till Angels words their ſpirits doe recall.

7

Feare not, quoth he; (there is no cauſe of feare)
The tydings I you bring, are nought but good;
Tidings of joy, great joy, that never eare
Of man hath heard, or heart hath underſtood;
Joy as extenſive, as the world is wide,
To you and to all people elſe beſide.

For

8

For now this day, this houre, to you and them,
Is borne into the world not farre from hence,
Ev'n here in *Davids* Citie *Bethlehem*,
He that the world muſt ſave from their offence;
Chriſt, the Meſſia, Lord of earth and heav'n:
To you a childe is borne, a Sonne is given.

9

And that of this, I ſpeake, you make no doubt,
As if I ſhould unto you leaſing tell,
This ſhall your token be to finde him out,
When I am gone, marke it, and marke it well:
The Babe in ſwadling clothes you wrapped ſhall
Finde in a manger, laid in Oxes ſtall.

10

Which ſaid, the heav'nly winged Meſſenger,
As light as Lark, mounts chaunting to the skie:
Yet not ſo high but Shepherds might him heare,
Him and his fellowes ſacred companie:
Legions of Angels do their praiſes ſing
Unto their God, unto their heavenly King.

11

Glorie to God above,
In higheſt heaven;
Peace here below and love
To men be given;
Men of good will,
Peace be their meed on earth;
To God be ſtill,
Praiſe for this heav'nly birth.

12

No more were they heard ſing, though more they
They are to heav'n aſcended back againe; (might,
Quite out of Shepherds hearing, out of ſight,
Who here below aſtoniſht doe remaine:
They at the newes and muſick all amaz'd,
A while one on another ſtrangely gaz'd.

13

At laſt unſealing their long ſilence kept,
Why ſtand we here, among themſelves they ſay?
We might by this have unto *Bethl'hem* ſtept,
And ſeene the thing that's come to paſſe to day:
Which God by meſſage from his ſacred Throne,
Hath unto us, poore Shepherds, thus made known.

14

No more adoe; they ſtreightway hie them faſt
To *Bethl'hem*, where they ſearch for him doe make:
And by enquirie they are come at laſt,
Where they have found him, as the Angell ſpake;
Marie, and *Joſeph*, and this *Infant* ſtranger,
Well entertain'd, no doubt, laid in a manger.

15

To find one poore Lamb out, th'have left their flock,
And whole eſtate; they take thereof no keepe:
Ninetie and nine, if ſuch were poore mens ſtock,
They leave to ſeek one poore loſt ſtraggling ſheepe:
Such did he ſeeme; but they the ſtragglers were,
Till they had found him, their true Shepherd there.

Whom

16

Whom having found in all points, as before
The Angell had them told they ſhould him find,
They in their minds aggreeved were full ſore,
That his owne people ſhould be ſo unkind,
No better entertainment him to give,
By whom themſelves and all men els doe live.

17

Seeing them thus, the Mother and the Son
Of all things needfull unprovided quite,
With ſeemly courteſie they them anon
Unto their Shepherds cottage doe invite:
Our home, they ſay, though homely it appeare,
Is not ſo lothly as this dunghill here.

18

The Maiden-mother mildly thus repli'd;
No, Shepherds, no, *Beth'lem* muſt yet a ſpace
Be troubled with us; here we muſt abide,
Till God doe licenſe us for other place:
So ſadly did ſhe ſpeake, her ſelfe excuſing,
Their kindneſſe nor accepting, nor refuſing.

19

Who not obtaining what they did requeſt,
After their worſhip and obeiſance done
Unto the Son, and to the Mother bleſt,
They take their leave of both, and forth are gone;
Recounting as they goe, where they had beene,
And what their eares had heard, and eyes had ſeene.

20

Filled with joy their hearts do overflow,
Like channell ſmall, too narrow for the ſpring,
Whoſe waters farre above the banks do grow;
Both heart and tongue too ſcant they think to ſing
His praiſes forth; who had to them reveal'd,
What he from all the world beſide conceal'd.

21

Shepherds, poore Shepherds, not alonely made
The firſt partakers of the Goſpels newes,
To heare 't themſelves; but farre above their trade
To preach and publiſh it unto the Jewes:
So ſtill we find it, God the proud reſiſts,
Who Shepherds makes his firſt Evangeliſts.

22

O Altitudo, ô the depth and height
Of Gods divine, moſt ſacred treaſurie!
How do the riches of his wiſedomes weight
Out poiſe the lightneſſe of mans policie!
Whoſe weaknes our beſt holds doth caſt to ground,
Whoſe follie doth mans deepeſt plots confound.

23

God doth by fooliſh things confute the wiſe,
The mighty he throwes downe by things moſt weake,
Baſe things and things contemn'd, which men deſpiſe,
He makes the meanes the greateſt things to breake;
That none before him boaſt in any caſe,
But yield them (as they are) fooles, weake, and baſe.

Of The Circumcision of Christ, And The imposition of the name of *JESUS*.

Hymne V.

1

WHat strange invention's this, what cruell art,
In part so tender, sensible of paine,
To put poore children to such deadly smart?
Who would have thought, that God should thus or-
So sore a burthen for all *Abrahams* seed, (daine
That they as soon as they were born, should bleed?

2

Was 't not enough, poore Infants shed their teares,
Prognosticks of their future miseries?
Was 't not enough to move all eyes and eares
To pitie them, their wailing and their cries?
But they first octave of their wretched life,
Must sharpnesse feele of Circumcisers knife?

Such

3

Such was the fouleneſſe of polluting ſin,
That water onely could not purge the ſtaine:
Water and bloud, both muſt together win
Our pardon; els we ſtill impure remaine.
Repentant ſorrow is too meane a price,
If 'twere not for a better ſacrifice.

4

Gods (a) ſeale, his ſignet Circumciſion was,
The Jewes the letter, as now (b) Chriſtians bee;
The ſeale is cut, the wax the flame doth paſſe,
The paper's preſſed hard. Who ere did ſee
Or paper, wax or ſeale, aske one of us,
What is your meaning, or why doe yee thus?

(a) *Rom.*4.11. (b) 2 *Cor.*3.3.

5

So to expoſtulate with God, or blame
His doings toward us, how ſhould we dare,
If he or make us paſſe afflictions flame,
Or preſſe us hard with ſorrow and with care;
Since all's to ſeale us up without from ſin,
Whom he hath writ with lines of grace within?

6

The Jewes Gods people were peculiarly,
By cov'nant ſtreight, and ſpeciall ſervice bound:
In ſigne whereof God gave his liverie,
That they their fore-skins circumciſe around:
Men on their ſleeves their badges open weare,
Theſe in their fleſh in ſecret theirs muſt beare.

In

7

In ſecret, in their fleſh, in ſuch a part,
As doth afford a ſecret myſterie;
To note the circumciſion of the heart,
All carnall luſts, which lurk and therein lie;
The paring off of all concupiſcence,
And whatſo'ere defiles the conſcience.

8

Why ſhould it then ſo ſtrange unto us ſeeme,
That children thus ſhould circumciſed be?
Uncircumcis'd, unchriſten'd: One eſteeme
They had of thoſe, as theſe with us we ſee:
One was the uſe of both; they circumcis'd
For the ſame end, as we are now baptiz'd.

9

More ſtrange it was, that he the Lord and heire
Apparant of the world, of earth and heaven,
The onely Son of God ſhould thus appeare,
In badge of ſinners, which himſelfe had given;
The Maſter clad in ſervants cognizance,
The King made bound to his owne ordinance.

10

This was the wonder; Chriſt who knew no ſin,
Had no rank bloud to let, proud fleſh to pare;
In bodie, ſoule, all whole, without, within;
That Him to cut and lance they did not ſpare.
Where no need is, why doth the Surgeon wound?
Bloud-letting's for the ſick, not for the ſound.

Bloud-

11

Blood-letting's for the ſick: ſo we were all;
Nor could our owne veines opening helpe us ought,
Sick through the bruiſe of our firſt Parents fall,
Paſt helpe, paſt hope, till ſtranger cure was wrought:
Phyſitian bleeds for his ſick Patient;
Man ſins, and God doth beare the puniſhment.

12

So timely Chriſt his bloud began to ſhed,
In his ſo tender yeares, at eight dayes old:
Cold, hunger, he before had ſuffered,
Extremities of want an hundred fold:
To make him perfect in infirmity,
He now feeles ſmart as well as penury.

13

Sixe ſev'rall times Chriſt ſhed his precious blood;
Now at his Circumciſion firſt of all,
Next in his ſweat, when to the ground a flood
In huge great drops of blood did from him fall;
Then at the piller ſcourg'd, with cords faſt bound;
With thorns next afterward by ſouldiers crown'd:

14

Nail'd then unto the Croſſe both hand and foot;
His ſide laſt pierced through with ſpeare accurſt:
So no part ſcap't, nor bodie, branch, nor root,
All were aſunder riven, to pieces burſt:
Head, heart, and face, hands, feet, backe, ſecret part,
No member free from feeling paine and ſmart.

O!

15

O! that our teares in halfe that readines
Were, to be ſhed for him, his ſufferings;
(Or rather for our ſelves, our treſpaſſes,
Which made him ſuffer ſuch, ſo grievous things,)
As he his bloud had ready to be ſhed
For us on all occaſions offered!

16

Had he but ſhed his bloud this onely time,
When he was circumciſed, and no more;
This had been price ſufficient for all crime:
But he, no niggard, hath in greater ſtore
Powred it forth, that he might for our ſake
A plenteous, rich, a full Redemption make.

17

To which great worke he now had actuall right,
To be Redeemer of the world indeed,
True Saviour *Jeſus*, ere he *Jeſus* hight:
God would it ſo, he had it fore-decreed,
That not his onely Sonne ſhould have that name,
Till he had ſomewhat done to earne the ſame.

18

Name, *heav'nly* name, in heav'n appointed earſt,
Before all worlds; from heav'n on earth declar'd
By Angels mouth, to bleſſed (a) *Marie* firſt,
And in a dreame to (b) *Joſeph* afterward:
And by them both, what was to them reveal'd,
Now at his (c) Circumciſion ſign'd and ſeal'd.

(a) *Luke* 1.31. (b) *Matth.* 1.21. (c) *Matth.* 1.25. *Luk.* 2.21.

Name

19

Name, *glorious* name, ſurmounting, paſſing far
The (a) names of Angels, all the Saints in bliſſe,
As doth the Sun in light the meaneſt ſtar:
Name (b) above everie name that named is:
At which heav'n, earth, and hell obeyſance make,
Angels and men doe bow, but Devils quake.

(a) *Heb.* 1.4. (b) *Epheſ.* 1.21. *Phil.* 2.9.

20

Name, *pow'rfull* name, to doe all (a) works of wonder,
To (b) ſpeake new languages ne're heard before,
To (c) caſt out Devils, and to keep them under,
To (d) heale the ſick, the (e) blind to ſight reſtore,
To (f) ſet upon their feet the maim'd and lame,
To doe all this by His all-pow'rfull name.

(a) *Acts* 4.30. (b) *Mark.* 16.17. (c) *Acts* 16.18. *Luk.* 10.17. (d) *Jam.* 5.14. (e) *Acts* 9.17. (f) *Acts* 3.6,16.

21

Name, *ſweeteſt* name, wherein all health doth lye,
Comfort of this, and hope of life to come;
(a) Beſide no name giv'n under heav'n, whereby
We can eſcape Gods everlaſting doome:
O *Jeſu, Jeſu*; name moſt ſweetly ſounding,
In mercie, grace, and goodneſſe all abounding.

(a) *Acts* 4.12.

Unto

22

Unto the eare melodious harmony,
Gold to the eye, pearle of richeſt worth,
Honey in mouth taſting deliciouſly,
(a) Unto the ſmell ſweet oyntment powred forth,
Moſt comfortable cordiall to the heart;
Such is this name to theſe and everie part.

(a) *Cant.* 1.3.

23

Thou many titles haſt, ô Saviour bleſt,
Like coſtly ſtones in royall Diadem;
But this ſo far ſurpaſſes all the reſt,
As doth his fellowes the moſt precious gem:
Thoſe Rubies, Emeralds, and Sapphyres blue,
This the true Di'mond is for ſpark and hue.

24

A (a) royall name thou haſt upon thy thigh
Engraven, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*:
But this in place more eminent and high,
More coinfort far to ſinfull man affords:
Jeſus of Nazareth; 'twas (b) *Pilates* writing,
But mov'd by higher hand; 'twas *Gods* enditing.

(a) *Revel.* 19.16. (b) *Joh.* 19.19.

This

25

This is thy name, (a) *The Lord our Righteouſneſſe:*
What's righteouſneſſe to us, if we have none?
What is it to be juſt and mercileſſe?
'Tis *Jeſus* makes that ours, brings theſe to one:
(b) *Mercie and Truth are both here met together,*
And Righteouſneſſe and Peace have kiſt each other.

(a) *Jer.* 23.6. & 33.16. (b) *Pſal.* 85.10.

26

Thou art (a) *the faithfull witneſſe, juſt and true;*
And ſhould'ſt thou us accuſe, thou might'ſt it do:
Thou art the (b) *Judge*, to give all men their due;
And ſhould'ſt thou us condemne, ſo might'ſt thou too:
But *Jeſus* makes thee (c) *Advocate*, to ſtand
And plead our cauſe for us at Gods right hand.

(a) *Revel.* 1. 5. & 19. 11. (b) *Act.* 10. 42.
(c) *Eſay* 9. 6. 1 *John* 2. 1.

27

Thou (a) *ſplendent beame* of heav'nly Majeſtie,
Thou *character of Fathers perſon* bright,
Th' (b) *unſpotted mirrour* art, eternally
(c) *Inhabiting inacceſsible light*,
This makes thee (d) *Wonderfull*, that we admire thee;
But *Jeſus* makes us love and to deſire thee.

(a) *Heb.* 1. 3. (b) *Wiſd.* 7.26. (c) 1 *Tim.* 6.16.
(d) *Eſay* 9. 6.

Thou

28

Thou art (a) *th' eternall Father*; (b) *firſt and laſt*;
But *Jeſus* makes thee borne of Virgin mother:
Thou (c) Son of God, beyond all ages paſt;
But *Jeſu* makes thee (d) Son of man, (e) our brother;
To come from heav'n, with ſinfull fleſh to (f) dwell,
That thou might'ſt be our true (g) *Emanuel.*

(a) *Eſay* 9.6. (b) *Revel.* 1.11. (c) *Luke* 1.35. (d) *Matth.* 8.20. (e) *Heb.* 2.11. (f) *John* 1.14. (g) *Eſay* 7.14.

29

Thou art appointed (a) *Heire* of earth and heav'n,
Thou art a (b) *King* to reigne for evermore;
Thou art a (c) *Prieſt* ordained to make even
'Twixt God and man that elſe uncancel'd ſcore:
But *Jeſus* 'tis that parts th' inheritance,
And to be *Kings* and *Prieſts* doth us advance.

(a) *Heb.* 1.2. (b) *Luke* 1.33. (c) *Pſal.* 110.4. *Heb.* 7.17. (d) *Revel.* 1.6.

30

Thou art the (a) *Lord of Hoſts*; 'tis *Jeſu* makes
Thee 'gainſt our deadly enemies to fight:
(b) *The mighty God*; 'tis *Jeſu* undertakes
For us and our defence to uſe his might:
Thou (c) *Captaine* (d) *Prince of peace*, the (e) *devils foe*,
(f) *Mans decreſt friend*; 'tis *Jeſu* makes thee ſo.

(a) *Eſay* 47.4. (b) *Eſay* 9.6. (c) *Heb.* 2.10. (d) *Eſay* 9.6. (e) *Gen.* 3.15. (f) *Luke* 12.4. *John* 15.14, 15.

Thou

31

Thou art the (a) *Word*, which yet we never ſhould
Have heard, if *Jeſus* had not it reveal'd:
Thou haſt that (b) *ſecret name* which no man could
Come to the knowledge of, to all conceal'd:
But *Jeſus* ſhall to us both *that* make knowne,
And give us *name* as (c) *ſecret* of our owne.

(a) *Joh.*1.1. *Revel.*19.13. (b) *Revel.*19.12.
(c) *Revel.*2.17.

32

Thou art the (a) *Chriſt*, the (b) *bleſſed promis'd ſeed*;
But *Jeſus* 'tis, that promiſe doth fulfill:
Chriſt gives the name; but *Chriſtians* we indeed
From *Jeſus* are: (So *Jeſu* keep us ſtill:)
Chriſt ſhewes that thou *thy ſelfe* (c) *Anointed* art,
But *Jeſus* of thine (d) *unction* gives *us* part.

(a) *Matth.*16.16. (b) *Gen.*12.3. and 22.18. (c) *Acts*
10.38. *Heb.*1.9. (d) 1 *Joh.*2.20,27.

33

Thou art the (a) *Well-beloved*, (b) *Bride-groome* chaſte,
The Church thy [c] *Dærling* is, thy [d] *Spouſe*, thy [e] *Dove*;
'Tis *Jeſu* makes the contract, joynes them faſt
In mutuall promiſe of each others love:
'Tis *Jeſu* doth the (f) *marriage* conſummate,
Which Angels ſhall for ever celebrate.

(a) *Cant.*1.13. (b) *Matt.*9.15. and 25.1. (c) *Cant.*7.6.
(d) *Cant.*4.11. (e) *Cant.*2.14. & 5.2. (f) *Rev.*19.7.

Thou

34

Thou art that pitifull (a) *Samaritan*,
Who oyle and wine do'ſt powre into our wounds;
Thou art the pious, holy *Pelican*,
Whoſe (b) bloud to help thy dying brood abounds:
But *Jeſus*'tis, that makes thee this and more,
Health to the ſick, the dead life to reſtore.

(a) *Luk.*10.33,34. (b) *Joh.*6.53, &c.

35

Thou (a) *Lyon* art *of tribe of Judah* ſtrong;
But Lyon is fierce beaſt to teare and rent:
Thou art a (b) *Lamb*; but Lamb all beaſts among,
As none it doth, no harme it can prevent:
But *Jeſus* makes thee (c) *Lamb* for *ſacrifice*,
And (d) *Lyon* to deſpoile our *enemies*.

(a) *Revel.*5.5. (b) *Eſay* 53.7. *Acts* 8.32. (c) *Joh.*1.29.
(d) *Hoſea* 11.10. and 13.7,8.

36

Thou art the (a) *Head*, wherein all life remaines,
But yet the *body* is ſtark, ſtiffe, and dead:
Thou art the (b) *Vine*, whoſe *root* the ſap containes,
But yet the *branches* drie and withered:
'Tis *Jeſus* doth the members feed and nouriſh;
'Tis *Jeſus* doth the branches make to flouriſh

(a) *Epheſ.*1.22. *Coloſſ.*1.18. (b) *Joh.*15.1.

Thou

37

Thou (a) *Shepherd* art, thy *flocke* is all thy care,
('Tis *Jeſu* makes it ſo,) them to defend:
Thou *Shepherd* art; for them thou doſt not ſpare
('Tis *Jeſu* makes it thus) thy life to ſpend;
To leave the (b) *ninetie nine*, heav'ns *Angels* there,
To ſeeke out *one* loſt ſheepe, poore *mankinde* here.

(a) *Joh.* 10. 11. (b) *Luke* 15. 4.

38

Thou art the (a) *Way*, the [a] *Truth*, the [a] *Life*, we breath;
But way as *uncouth*, path *untroden* quite,
And truth *unlaught*, life unto us but *death*;
Till *Jeſu* guide our foot-ſteps forth aright,
Till *Jeſu* doth to us truths goſpell preach,
Till *Jeſu* ſhew us how we heav'n may reach.

(a) *Joh.* 14. 6.

39

Thou art the (a) *Doore*, but lock't and barred faſt;
Thou art the (b) *Well*, but deep whence none can draw;
Thou art the (c) *living Bread*, which none can taſt;
Thou art the (d) *Treaſure hid*, which none ere ſaw:
Jeſu is all, *Key*, *Bucket*, *Knife*, and *Light*,
To *open*, *draw*, and *cut*, and *bring to ſight*.

(a) *John* 10. 9. (b) *Jerem.* 2. 13. (c) *John* 6. 51.
(d) *Matth.* 13. 44. *Coloſ.* 2. 3.

What

40

What other titles of magnificence
There be, of glorie, royall majeſtie;
What other names of ſweeter excellence,
Of mercie, love, divine and heavenly;
In this of *Jeſus* all comprized are,
Or elſe by it they be exceeded farre.

41

Jeſu, to us be what thy name imports,
A *Saviour*, our loſt ſoules health to regaine;
Grant every one, which unto thee reſorts,
May like Redemption through it ſtill obtaine:
That we and they, may unto Heavens King,
And to the Lamb, (a) *Salvation* ever ſing.

(a) *Revel.* 7.10.

FINIS.

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